

# The Weekly Museum.

VOL. IV.]

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[NUMBER 198.]

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DELPHIRA; or,

*The Benevolent Shepherdess:—A Pastoral Tale.*

[Concluded from our last.]

MYRTILLO, if what I have related cannot persuade thee, I can say no more. At break of day in passing by the great walk, I heard some deep sighs and heavy groans, I approached nearer, and concealed myself behind a thicket. It was he himself—it was Thyrsis, who appeared unable to support his grief. He was prostrate on the earth; his head reclining on one of the trees which the tempest had overthrown. His hair was quite dishevelled. The roses no longer glowed in his cheeks, but his once sprightly countenance was pale and gloomy. His eyes were suffused with tears; he contemplated in stupid silence, his ruined habitation. His head appeared weak and languishing; he supported it, sometimes on one hand, sometimes on the trunk of the tree. Some lambs were lying by his side; their heads were raised to him, as if demanding their wonted food. His dog was roving about: he conformed to the situation of his master. When Thyrsis groaned, the faithful animal seemed solicitous to console him. He licked his hands: he shewed every mark of fondness and concern, I heard at last these words, which the shepherd uttered with a melancholy voice.

“What have I done, ye gods, to merit the misfortunes that overwhelm me? Did I ever forget to offer sacrifices to you? At the return of spring, I presented you with the earliest flowers. When autumn came, I reserved the first fruits for you. I have crowned your statues with garlands, and bedewed your altars with milk and wine. In what have I offended you? I appeal to the goddess of Wisdom. When did I ever avoid the opportunity of doing a laudable action? How often have I repaired to the obscure retreats to succour pining poverty! Often have I employed my efforts to restore concord and amity between contending shepherds. I have supported the helpless and oppressed. My tongue has never uttered the expressions of calumny. My songs of praise have resounded in the plains. In a holy ecstasy my soul has celebrated the bounties of omnipotent Jehovah, the author of universal Nature. I have extolled his works, the order and harmony visible in all. I have adored him in the wonders of the sky, the verdure of the woods, and the richness of the fields. My intentions, like my songs were ever pure. And what is the recompence I have received; poverty, and its inseparable companions, contempt, and misery, and grief. Oht Supreme Justice are these thy decrees? The storm has ravaged the plain; it has destroyed my habitation; it has destroyed my all. I

know not where to take shelter, my misfortunes are known to many: not one has had the humanity to offer me any asylum. When I was in prosperity my intimacy was courted: I am now forsaken by all. I had then no friend—I am undone—I have not long to live. I have no longer any fruit; and yet this earth watered by my tears, should furnish me with it. Must I be obliged to beg my food of barbarous men, who refuse it, or who, in granting it, overwhelm me with their contempt? No! I must die—Death is now less dreadful to me than ignominy!”

“Dear Delphira!” exclaimed Myrtillo, “how much hast thou affected me! Come, let us go, and find the unhappy Thyrsis. What a picture of misery hast thou drawn! Thy soul is as beautiful as thy form: I should never deserve to call thee mine, if I did not obey its celestial dictates. Henceforth, I will render myself worthy of thee, by endeavouring to surpass thee, if possible, in benevolent actions. Come, let us go to Thyrsis. We will assure him, that he shall participate in all we have.”

“Oh! Myrtillo,” said Delphira, how amiable art thou, when thou art virtuous! The soaring lark loves the morning sky; the gay butterfly delights in the noon-tide ray: and I, Myrtillo, I love thee still.”—At these words, the shepherd embraced her with tears of joy; and Delphira pressed him with ardour to her bosom. They each exclaimed with extacy, “What charms does Love receive from Virtue.”

After this tender scene, Delphira took a basket of fruit, and Myrtillo, a flask of milk and another of wine. The two hastened to the spot where Thyrsis lay, deploring his fate. They found him overcome with fatigue, enjoying in sleep the sweet oblivion of the wretched. Approaching him softly, they laid the basket at his feet; and sitting by his side, contemplated him for some time. Notwithstanding the grief of which his heart was a prey, an affecting sweetness of countenance was still visible; he was beautiful as Adonis. The shepherdess awakened him. Thyrsis, at first raised his eyes to Heaven, as if to implore divine assistance. How great was his surprise, when he beheld Myrtillo and Delphira by his side; the one offering him fruit, the other a cup of wine as delicious as nectar. If he had never seen these virtuous lovers he would have taken them for some celestial spirits, sent to comfort him by the gods. “Thyrsis,” said Myrtillo, “receive these offerings from the hands of friendship. We intreat thee not to refuse our asylum, and to share with us whatever we possess. Thyrsis, do not deprive us of the pleasure of evincing the high sense we have of thy virtues. The

goods of friends, thou knowest, ought to be in common. We have heard of thy misfortune; and we have hastened to thee, to intreat thee to prefer us to those who will be eager to offer thee their assistance. Dear Thyrsis, do not reject the presents which the purest friendship offers thee. Thy misfortunes should be ours. We could not enjoy one peaceful moment, if we thought the virtuous Thyrsis was pining in distress.”

Thyrsis could answer this exalted goodness only by tears of joy; he embraced his benefactor with transport: his sensibility was unutterable. His eyes alone expressed his gratitude. Myrtillo, pressing him to his heart, continued: “My dearest Thyrsis, how delightful will it be to spend my life with thee! Let us consider ourselves as two brothers. Ah! Delphira, how much am I indebted to thee for this felicity! But for her, Thyrsis, I should not have enjoyed, perhaps, the exquisite pleasure I now feel.”—Thyrsis threw himself at the feet of Delphira: “It is you then, divine Delphira, who have restored me to life!”—He bedewed with tears of sensibility the hands of the shepherdess, who intreated him to rise: “We are distressed Thyrsis,” said Delphira, “with this excessive sensibility. It is we who ought to thank thee for having afforded us so exquisite a pleasure.”

Thyrsis then expressed his gratitude with the eloquence of nature. His words now succeeded each other with rapidity; his heart dilated: his opening soul furnished him abundantly with the most grateful and energetic expressions. The two lovers, intreating him to wave the subject, took him by the hand; with the sweet familiarity of primeval innocence and simplicity, and persuaded him to partake of the refreshments they had brought. They then led him to their cottage. Thyrsis was no longer the same: his face was no more darkened by the clouds of melancholy. A sweet serenity shone upon his countenance; and the roses of health succeeded the lilies of sorrow. His dog and his lambs seemed to partake of his pleasures. To celebrate the arrival of Thyrsis, Myrtillo invited all the shepherds of the country: and the festival was closed by fixing the wedding day of Myrtillo and Delphira.

The amiable and opulent Corinna, who was one of the party, conceived a passion for young Thyrsis, and with that simplicity of manners which characterised the Golden Age, made him an offer of her hand, which was accepted with the greatest joy. And Thyrsis and Corinna, Myrtillo and Delphira, were soon united by the most tender ties, and enjoyed, long after, a felicity which ended only with their lives.



## The PANCAKES,

*An Extract from a tour through France.*

"WE arrived at Carentan about nine o'clock in the evening; as the diligence did not stop for supper, I made the best of my way to a miserable *auberge*, with two fellow passengers, who were Frenchmen. We enquired for meat, for butter, and for cheese—in vain; all we could procure was dry bread. The *cuisinier* was busy frying some Pancakes in a corner, which I petitioned most strongly to partake of; his refusal the more heightened my desire; but entreaty, promises, and every temptation was fruitless, as it was all they could procure for some guests who were to sup in an adjoining room. The politeness of my fellow-travellers was satisfied at the excuse; but on my attempting to lay hold of one of the pancakes, the *cuisinier* removed the dish to the farther end of the kitchen.

"There are certain occasions when a man is so much bent upon the acquisition of a trifle, as to subject himself to the most serious consequences, rather than be disappointed. Such was the present; and had all the *cuisiniers* in France (of which, by the bye, there is a tolerable number) been present, I should have enjoyed the bustle.

"I at first made proposals to my fellow-travellers to make an open attack upon the pancakes, and to carry them off in triumph, by force of arms; but they shuddered at the incivility of the thought. I then drew backwards by degrees, and watching an opportunity, took out my fork, and stuck it through the pancakes; at once, all was confusion; the master, the mistress, the *fille de chambre*, the *cuisinier*—all ran to seize me: I flew round the kitchen, taking care to keep aloof till I had devoured my prey; and never did I eat any thing with greater gout. All the diables, and every oath that French ingenuity and nonsense could invent, were poured upon me, and I was at last forced to make my escape to the coach, laughing most heartily at the situation I had left them in.

"I know that this adventure cannot be excused on the ground of civility or justice; but such considerations are seldom operative, when we are disposed for what an Englishman would justify by the name of fun."

### ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

DR. SACHEVEREL, in consequence of a most inflammatory sermon, preached before the Lord Mayor, on November 5, 1709, was impeached at the bar of the House of Lords, in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, for high crimes and misdemeanors, &c. Having been tried before the Lords, and found guilty, he was silenced for the space of three years,—and his sermon was condemned to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, which sentence was rigidly executed.

When this affair was over, the Ministry took very little notice of him, and treated him with great indifference: but upon the Rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, being vacant, the Doctor applied to them for that living; but they paid no regard to his solicitation. Upon which he wrote to Dr. Swift, with whom he had a very slender acquaintance, to request his interest with the Go-

vernment for that parish; and set forth how much he had suffered for them, and their cause. Dr. Swift immediately carried this letter to Lord Bolingbroke, then Secretary of State, who railed much at Sacheverel, calling him a busy, intermeddling fellow, a prig, and an incendiary, who had set the kingdom in a flame, which could not be extinguished, and therefore deserved censure instead of a reward. To which Swift replied, "True, my Lord;—but let me tell you a short story. In a sea-fight in the reign of Charles II. there was a very bloody engagement between the Dutch and the English fleets; in the heat of which a Scotch seaman was very severely bit by a louse in his neck, which he caught, and stooping down to crack it between his nails, many of the sailors near him had their heads taken off by a chain-shot from the enemy, which scattered their brains and blood about him. On this he had compassion on the poor louse, returned him to his place, and bid him live there at discretion; for, as he had saved his life, he was bound in gratitude to save his." The recital of this put my Lord Bolingbroke into a fit of laughter; who, when it was over, said, "The louse shall have the living for your story;" and soon after Sacheverel was presented to it.

### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

*Mr. Harrison,  
Should the following appear worthy a place in your  
impartial paper, your inserting it will oblige  
An OLD SUBSCRIBER.*

HAPPENING to fall in company a few evenings ago, with some of my female friends, I was much delighted with their shrewd remarks, and pert observations on the subject of happiness; but as pleasure and disappointment seem to be inseparable concomitants, we were not long permitted to indulge the pleasing theme; before a loud rap at the door, for a while put an end to the conversation; and no less than four gentlemen, were ushered in by the servant. The usual ceremonies being over, and the gentlemen seated, the discourse was resumed by one of the domestics; but contrary to my wishes, was soon enveloped by a clamorous inundation of subjects, common where the young in numbers meet. The hilarity in which the remainder of the evening was spent, did not in the least obliterate from my mind, the pleasing manner in which it had commenced. With this impression I took my leave, resolving, as I homewards bent my eager way, to impart, through the medium of your Museum, my sentiments of Happiness; tho' not without a just diffidence of being inadequate to the task. There is no subject so generally talked of and so little understood as Happiness; it is every one's wish and design; but alas! not one in a thousand knows wherein it consists, and knowing, how few do it pursue. The misfortune is, we make too many roads in search of the prize. See! the busy motley croud, in quest of Happiness. As various their pursuits as their minds. Some to the fascinating charms of women pay their obsecrations, and expect from Hymen, unparalleled felicity. Others, whose brutal actions, are but the index of a still more brutal mind, revel the nocturnal hours away; till the intoxicating fumes of the bowl exhales in the head, and in this fit they break chairs, overturn tables, dash the bottles and glasses, crying "keep it up lads, &c." this is their greatest happiness. While others worship at the shrine of wealth, and adore their God *Plutus* as their *summum bonum*. These while endeavouring to grasp at pleasure, only torment themselves with an over anxious solicitude, which instead of adding to diminishes from true happiness. Whereas, he, who properly contemplates his duty to his maker, enjoys the present without

an anxious dependance not amused with either *Hope* or *Fear*, but satisfied with what he has may *emphatically* be called the truly happy man. For Seneca observes, that "Tranquility is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune, can either exalt or depress, nothing can from it diminish, it raises us to the highest pitch of rural perfection; and makes every man his own supporter." It gives us a just contempt for peagentry's gaudy shew; makes us relish the shades of human grandeur, as most suited to contemplate nature, and natures God! Thus actuated we can, while gently gliding down the tide of life, behold the proximity of death, not as the grim messenger of terror, but as necessary to consummate all terrestrial pursuits.

New-York, Feb. 23, 1792. FELICITAS.

### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

*On the Death of Mrs. A\*\*\*S G\*\*\*\*\*S.*

THE tear of sorrow opens nature's store,  
Its rapid current swells from shore to shore;  
Time bids reflection follow in its turn,  
And shews us mourners how, and when to mourn.  
Shall we for A—s hang our drooping head,  
Because we see her number'd with the dead;  
The voice of nature bids us mourn the loss,  
And calls her weeping friends to bear this cross.  
But kind reflection, sweet and heavenly aid,  
Aloud proclaims to let those tears be staid;  
Not those who make their exit with the just,  
Whose grosser matter's mingled with the dust.  
But living part, with swift angelic wings,  
Resumes its station with the king of kings;  
Nor mourn for those, but with a tear of joy,  
Who's now refin'd as gold without alloy.  
Shall we on earth, presume to say for why,  
The spirit lives, while body's doom'd to die;  
No more we'll count her number'd with the dead,  
She lives in union with th' Almighty head.  
Her tender babes, whose cries our ears assail,  
May claim the promise which will never fail;  
Surviving friends, your weeping now refrain,  
Nor mourn for A—s—Count your loss her gain;  
Take her example, walk the heav'nly road,  
'Till you with her shall reach the blest'd abode.  
Feb. 21, 1792. A. B.

### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### A SIMILE.

FEARFUL at first the feather'd warblers try,  
To spread their pinions in th' aerial space,  
But soon around they unconcerned fly,  
And the cerulean with fond rapture trace.  
So some fond lover views his fair one rise,  
With bright'ning charms; but awe his words curtail,  
'Till the strong passion ev'ry fear defies,  
Then bold he ventures to disclose his tale.  
Feb. 23, 1792. I. D.

### S O N G.

#### The WIDOW'S CHOICE.

IN the choice of a husband we widows are nice,  
I'd not have a man wou'd grow old in a trice,  
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown or a fop,  
But a man that can bustle and stir in my shop.  
A log I'd avoid when I'm choosing my lad,  
And a stork, that might gobble up all that I had,  
Such suitors I've had Sir, but off they must hop,  
I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.  
The lad in my eye is the man of my mind,  
So handsome, so young, so polite and so kind,  
With such a good soul to the alter I'd hop,  
For he's one that can bustle and stir in my shop.



**PRESIDENT'S BIRTH DAY.**

**W**EDNESDAY last being the anniversary of the birth of GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq. the illustrious President of the United States of America, the same was celebrated in the evening by the patriotic sons of Tammany in their great wigwam, with that harmony, brotherly love, and true patriotic fire which so conspicuously distinguish the real guardians of our rights and liberties.

After the ordinary business of the evening was done, the Grand Sachem resolved the society into a committee of amusement; when each tribe respectively partook of a collation; during which time a number of patriotic songs were sung, and the following toasts were drank, given by the Sachems of each tribe, viz.

1. *New-Hampshire*.—The United States of America.
  2. *Massachusetts*.—An uninterrupted enjoyment of the RIGHTS of MAN to all the world.
  3. *Connecticut*.—May the virtues of the daughters of Columbia be equalled by nothing but the wisdom of her sons.
  4. *Rhode-Island*.—The memory of those brave Heroes who secured for the citizens of these United States, the liberty they now enjoy.
  5. *New-York*.—May each returning anniversary of the birth of our beloved WASHINGTON, be remembered with gratitude and joy by the freemen of United Columbia.
  6. *New-Jersey*.—May the Genius of Freedom accompany the American stars to the utmost regions of the earth, and under their influence proclaim the RIGHTS of MAN.
  7. *Pennsylvania*.—May the oppressed sons of Liberty, in foreign climes, ever find a peaceful asylum in this, our land of freedom.
  8. *Delaware*.—May the smoke from our calumny encircle our heads and be spread through the world till all our brothers of the earth have tasted of its fragrance.
  9. *Maryland*.—May the citizens of the United States of America transmit to their posterity the principles of liberty and republicanism in their present purity.
  10. *Virginia*.—May the eagle of liberty hover over the world, and tyrants be its prey.
  11. *North-Carolina*.—Wisdom in the cabinet, and victory in the field.
  12. *South-Carolina*.—May the love of liberty be ever superior to the love of property.
  13. *Georgia*.—GEORGE WASHINGTON—May health, prosperity, content and the testimony of a good conscience accompany him thro' life; and may Fame sound his praise to our posterity, till time shall be no more.
- Volunteer—from the chair*.—May the patriotic chain unite, in an indissoluble bond of friendship, the freeborn Sons of Cincinnati and Tammany.
- At sun-rise the standard of the United States was displayed, and in the evening the wigwam illuminated in a most elegant manner: In front was exhibited (in transparency) the arms of the United States; at the bottom of which appeared in a blue ribbon the words—IN HONOR OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS GEORGE WASHINGTON;—the above done in a masterly and striking manner. The windows of the wigwam (fourteen in number) having thirteen candles in each, together with the chandeliers and branches within made a most brilliant appearance.
- At 10 o'clock the order of business was re-assumed, the chain of friendship formed, and the society adjourned.
- Tuesday the bill for incorporating the Mechanics and Tradesmen, of the city of New-York, for charitable purposes, came before the house of As-

sembly, agreeably to the order of the day. The bill was read by paragraphs, in committee; little opposition appearing, the committee proceeded to fill up the several blanks, viz.

That for President with ROBERT BOYD;  
1st Vice-President, ANTHONY POST;  
2d do. DANIEL HITCHCOCK;  
Treasurer, THOMAS LEFOY;  
Secretary, JOHN ELLSWORTH;  
Limiting the funds, 50,000 dollars;  
Duration of the incorporation, 20 years;  
Initiation fee not to exceed 10 dollars;  
Having gone through the bill, the committee rose, reported it as amended, and the bill was engrossed for a second reading.

*From the Powleshook Guardian, &c. printed at Shepherd's town, of the 7th inst.*

Last evening came to this town, a young man from Cat-Fish, which he left about two weeks ago, and who gave us the following, pleasing, and interesting and important intelligence, viz.—That two days before he left Cat-Fish, two men arrived there from Licking, who informed that they had been out with a body of 1300 volunteers on horseback from Kentucky, under Gen. Scott—that they left Licking on the expedition a few days before Christmas—that Gen. Scott dispatched three spies in advance, who, when they arrived about 13 miles beyond the spot where General St. Clair was defeated, discovered a large body of Indians, diverting and enjoying themselves with the plunder they had taken, riding the bullocks, dancing, &c. and appeared to be mostly drunk: that on this information being given to General Scott, who, with the main body, were a few miles in the rear, he divided them into three divisions, advanced and fell on the enemy by surprise—that the contest was short but victorious on the side of the volunteers; 700 of the enemy being killed on the spot, all the cannon and stores in their possession retaken, and the remainder of the savage body put to flight; that General Scott, having lost but 6 men, returned to Licking in triumph, with most of the cattle, stores, &c. leaving the cannon at Fort Jefferson.—That General Scott had previously gone out with 400 men, but finding his number insufficient was returning, but met a body of 900 volunteers, who upon joining him, he immediately proceeded in prosecution of his original design, which fortunately proved successful.

Our informant further adds, that he saw a Kentucky newspaper of the 8th of January, at Morgan-town, brought by Major Reed, containing the account of General Scott's expedition, which corresponded with that given by the two men at Cat-Fish, and that General Scott brought in near 700 scalps.

**SHIP-NEWS.**

*Extract of a letter from Bristol, Nov. 21.*

"A gentleman just arrived in the Morning Star, Capt. Bolton, of this port, who was on board the Princess, Capt. Baker, when she unfortunately upset off the Isles of Delos, on the coast of Africa, has favoured us with the following particulars:—On Tuesday the 16th of August, about four in the morning, a sudden gust of wind arose, and almost in an instant upset the vessel. There were on board eleven persons, including officers, seven of whom were providentially saved by their holding fast on the side of the vessel till the mast went; the other four were unfortunately drowned. On the mast's breaking she immediately righted, so that they were enabled to get on her deck, their bodies being then three parts under water; in this situation she continued till the next morning, the waves during the whole time beating vehemently over them—without food, and without hopes of procuring any, and almost exhausted by remaining so long in such a dreadful situation, their horrors can be better felt than described. Finding the vessel sinking, and almost 40 leagues from

the shore, they thought it prudent to form a raft with her spars, which they luckily accomplished, and all hopes of procuring assistance, or regaining the vessel being at an end, they boarded the same. In this deplorable state, without the least sustenance, they continued totally left to the mercy of the sea for four days and four nights; at length they happily discovered themselves near land, and the surf fortunately drove the raft on a beach. Thus situated, they attempted to land, which was accomplished by their crawling on their hands and knees, unable to walk, through the want of food; they then laid down on the wet beach and slept till the morning, when they were discovered by some black men who were cutting wood, &c. and immediately conducted to a white factory, where they met with every support necessary for their recovery. Thus were seven men delivered by Divine Providence from the jaws of Death after suffering hunger and thirst, and inexpressible fatigue, for five days and five nights, to the great astonishment of every one who hath heard, or may read this singular account." *London, Dec. 6.*

**MARRIED**

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, ISAAC L. KIP, Esq. Attorney at Law, of this City, to Miss SALLY SMITH, daughter of Col. Jacamiah Smith, of Powles Hook.

**T H E A T R E.**

By the OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.  
On MONDAY EVENING, the 27th inst. will be presented, a COMEDY, (not performed here this season) called,  
**MORE WAYS THAN ONE.**

End of the Play, a Pantomime, Called,  
**The OLD SOLDIER;**

The whole to conclude with a FARCE, called,  
**The PRISONER at LARGE:**  
Or, The HUMOURS of KILLARNEY.  
The doors will be opened at a *Quarter* after 5, and the curtain drawn up precisely at a *Quarter* after 6 o'clock. **VIVAT RESPUBLICA.**

**C A S T E L L I,**

**I**TALIAN STAY-MAKER, No. 22, Water-street, opposite the Coffee-House, just arrived from Paris, returns his sincere thanks to the ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours by due attention, and the strictest punctuality. He continues to make all sorts of stays, Italian shapes, French Corset, English stays, Turn stays, Suckling stays, Riding stays and all sorts of dresses, in the most elegant and newest fashion. *Feb. 21. 98.*

**MAIL DILIGENCE STAGE OFFICE.**

At the City-Tavern.

**T**HE Public will please to take notice that the Proprietors of the Mail Diligence, to prevent the disagreeable inconvenience of travelling by night, have changed the hours of leaving Powles Hook from eight o'clock in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon.

This stage admits but seven seats, and leaves Powles Hook every afternoon, except Saturday, at three o'clock, lodges at New-Ark that night, and next day proceeds for Philadelphia.

All application for seats in this stage must be made to JAMES CARR, at the office.

Mr. Carr will engage for the conveyance of expresses to Philadelphia, extra stages, &c.

Fare of a passenger, 4 dols.  
150 wt of baggage, 4 dols.  
*Feb. 18. J. M. CUMMINGS, & Co.*



## The COURT of APOLLO.

### VERSES

On the Death of a beloved MOTHER.

THOU, dearest shade, shall ever call,  
My tear of duteous love to fall:  
Thou purest faint that ever trod,  
In spotless form through guilt's abode.

If yet from seats where angels be,  
Thou view'st a mortal mourn for thee,  
O act again the tender part,  
And ease a youthful breaking heart.

'Twas thine to lull my infant cry,  
'Twas thine to sooth my riper sigh;  
'Twas mine to cheer that breast when cold,  
And Death has made that bosom cold.

Ah can the humble mind sustain  
The complicated load of pain,  
When nature robs her best lov'd store,  
And expectation is no more.

But one way fate cou'd deeply wound,  
That cruel hour that point has found;  
Bid thee repose in endless sleep,  
And me—for ever wake and weep.

No more shall Fortune's wanton smile  
To specious joy my hours beguile;  
These hours must pass in one sad gloom,  
'Till death enwrap me in her tomb.

Accept these soul-consenting lays,  
The Son, and not the poet, prays;  
Thy love for him no limit knew,  
Nor shall his sorrows date, for you.

The sailor thus, on wild'ring coast,  
His much-lov'd mates, and vessel lost,  
Untaught to weep, and us'd to roam,  
Will melt at thoughts of kindly home.

Soon rise that morn, when worldly care  
Evokes no more the mortal tear;  
When sorrow with the sun shall die,  
And Nature heave a closing sigh!

Then, when the sons of glory sing,  
Thine too may wake the grateful string  
And happy parents ravish'd know  
The humble strains they led below.

SOLUTION to the ENIGMA in our last.

STAY, Poet, stay, methinks you are too bold,  
For TIME was never yet a minute old:  
It was indeed before old Adam's days,  
But peep'd into the world, and fled its ways.

### ANECDOTES.

IN the arguments of a cause of great importance which was tried some years ago, before Lord Mansfield, the celebrated Dunning had advanced some positions, which his Lordship took a private opportunity to remark on, in the following manner:—"Brother Dunning, if that be law, I will go home and burn my books."—The wit replied "Better my Lord, go home and read them."

SINCE the late war, an Englishman, with some degree of contempt, speaking of the impropriety of the husbandmen in America, calling roots sauce, in the house of a staunch wig, was reprimanded in the following words, "You English have given us too much of your sauce during the war; but we have given you *bref* and *pork* for it."

## THE MORALIST.

When a Man jests upon Religion, 'tis a sign he has none.

THE design of jesting is chiefly to shew in a sharp and ingenious way the ridiculousness of some men, or to make them appear ridiculous when they are not so. If it be so, how can any one persuade himself that a man has any religion when he makes a jest of it? There is nothing that deserves so much our respect and veneration as religion: But can we be said to respect it, if we jest upon it, and by that means expose it to the contempt of other men? There are things enough in the world that deserve to be laugh'd at; why then should we make so bold with religion? Its greatness ought to make us sensible of our meanness, its authority requires our obedience, and its holiness and purity should make us tremble, whenever we think of throwing the darts of our rash censures upon it. Certainly we would never jest upon religion, if we were fully persuaded of its truths, and if we were exact observers of its precepts. It is the rule of our duties: if we laugh at it how shall we perform those duties? For it is almost impossible that we should live according to a rule, which we think deserves to be laugh'd at. Religion is too serious a thing to make a jest of it; and unrespectful jesting can never become religion. No man will ever attain perfection, if he ridicules that which only can make him perfect.

### MR. GREENWOOD,

Surgeon Dentist and Operator for the Teeth.

GIVES his most respectful compliments to the Ladies and Gentlemen who please to honor him with their commands, and begs they will send word, if convenient, previous to their calling on him, or wanting his assistance, as perhaps it may prevent a disappointment, except when immediate attendance is necessary. As Mr. Greenwood is often engaged when called upon, he will with pleasure wait on those Ladies or Gentlemen who cannot conveniently call on him at his house, No. 5, Vesey-street, opposite the N. E. side of St. Paul's Church.

N. B. His abilities in the line of his profession is well known and approved by the first families in the United States as well as Foreigners.

Mr. Greenwood's Specific Dentifrice for cleaning the teeth, preventing the scurvy, and preserving the gums, in using it recommends itself. To be had at his house, at 2s. 6d. per box, or 24s. per dozen. 94

### LIVERY STABLES.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has furnished himself with two convenient stables, (the one in Slot-Lane, in the rear of the Bank, Hanover-Square; the other No. 1, Berkly-Street, opposite to Messrs. Charles and James Warners,) for the reception of Horses and Carriages by the day, week, month or year, at the very lowest prices. He has at the above stables, elegant Saddle and carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddle Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate as any in this city. Wm. WELLS.

New-York, September 3, 1791.

N. B. At the above stables Gentlemen may have their horses nicked in the newest and best manner, and may depend upon having the strictest attention paid them, as he has procured hands solely for that purpose. 73 1/2

## DANIEL CAMPION, TAYLOR,

No. 22, Water Street, opposite the Coffee-House, RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has received by the late vessels from Europe, an elegant assortment of goods, amongst which are, Dutch and French superfine broad cloths, of superior quality. Also superfine cassimers and elastics, satins, florentines, thicksets, vest patterns, and a handsome assortment of fashionable buttons; he has also a few boxes of silk hose, which will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms.

He takes this opportunity of returning his most grateful thanks to his friends and such gentlemen as have been pleased to honour him with their custom. He is determined for the future, to keep none but the best of workmen, in order to give full satisfaction, by getting his work well done, and paying strict attention to his business.

A few copies of the

### AMERICAN ORACLE,

May be had of Hodge and Campbell, Berry and Rogers, and T. Allen, New-York.

Price Two dollars in boards:—Containing An account of the New discoveries that have been made in the Arts and Sciences, with a variety of religious, political, physical, and philosophical subjects, necessary to be known in all families, for the promotion of their present felicity and future happiness—by the Hon. SAMUEL STEARNS, L.L.D.

Also, a few copies of the

### PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE,

Printed in London, containing—Arguments, for and against the doctrine of Universal salvation, with other useful and praiseworthy subjects, price eleven shillings, half bound. Feb. 11. 1799

To the CURIOUS.

AN AIR GUN, made by a young man, a native of Rhode-Island, but now resident in this city, and which has been purchased by the subscriber, at a very considerable price, with a view eventually to make it the property of the American Museum but wishes to reimburse himself in the following manner, viz.

He will exhibit it to the examination of all persons desirous of viewing it, and of discharging a shot, for which they shall pay six-pence.

This gun, when properly filled with air, will do execution twenty times, without renewing the charge, and for several times will send a ball thro' an inch board, at the distance of sixty yards, to be seen at the subscribers, No. 13, Maiden-lane, every day in the week, from ten to twelve o'clock in the forenoon, and from three to five in the afternoon, Tuesday and Friday afternoons excepted, at which time it may be seen at the Museum.

GARDINER BAKER,

February 11, 1792. Keeper of the Museum.

### S. L O Y D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER.

BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and on the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed. January 2, 1792. 93 1/2

### PRINTING

In General executed at this Office with accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.